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Series: [Girl In Red diaries \[2\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/F, I Wrote This While Listening to Girl in Red's Music, I'm Bad At Tagging, Im tired, Inspired by a Girl in Red Song, Maxine "Max" Mayfield Loves Eleven | Jane Hopper, Maxine "Max" Mayfield Needs a Hug, Song: . (Girl In Red), Title from a Girl in Red Song

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Characters: Dustin Henderson, Eleven | Jane Hopper, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Will Byers

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Summary:

Check on your friends, please

Author's Note:

Song: . by girl in red

When I see you with her.

Max walked into the school alone. Her backpack was hanging off of one shoulder. The end of her skateboard stuck out of her black bag.

It only gets worse.

She looked to the side, seeing Lucas with the basketball team. Max rolled her eyes. As she walked further, she saw her former friends. Will was with the drama club, Dustin joined this weird DnD group, Mike was with the the stoners, and El was popular.

And oh, how it hurts.

After Billy had died, the gang was there for her. Making sure she was eating, keeping her company, just being there for her like good friends.

I can't say.

The one who was there for her most, though, was El. During that time, Max had started to develop feelings for El. Before school started, she decided to tell El about her feelings. Max knew nothing about confessions or feelings, so, instead of talking, she kissed the brunette. Obviously, it didn't end well. El had to let her down gently. After that, Max couldn't do anything anymore. Her heart was just getting stomped on over and over again. Robin was the only one there for her after that.

'Cause I'm all out of words.

The gang went back to school in September. Max noticed that they started to become distant. The strong group she once knew was breaking apart and there was nothing she could do about it. Lucas was the first to leave after he joined the basketball team. Dustin was

next, joining the hellfire club. Will joined drama after that. El, being the friendly girl she is, made friends with so many people. She became popular in a day. Then it was just Mike and Max. Mike never really like Max, so there was no reason to stay.

Lost on this Earth.

The bell rang, pulling Max out of her thoughts. She looked at her schedule. First hour: English. She walked into the room, seeing everyone in their own little groups. They were all in cliques. Her heart shattered as she realized she would never have that again.

Just floating around.

She shuffled to the back of the room, hiding her face so no one saw the tears filling her blue orbs.

Someone help me down.

El turned to look at Max. She wanted nothing more than to run and hug the girl. She knew she lost she chance when she rejected the ginger. El wished she never did.

It's been so hard.

She remembered that day so clearly. She never meant to hurt Max. Never wanted to reject her like that. She was just scared. El wasn't good with feelings.

Ever since you broke my heart.

The teacher walked in, smiling brightly. El blocked her out as she took attendance. She only payed attention when one specific name was called.

But I'll never tell.

"Hargrove! Maxine Hargrove! God, Billy was such a horrible student. I pray that you aren't like your brother."

Max sighed, "it's Max. Max Mayfield. I'm not and will never be a Hargrove."

Neil's words felt sour in her mouth. You're not good enough to be a Hargrove.

"Already talking back, that's not a good sign. Just like your brother."

"I am nothing like Billy."

"Get out, Mrs. Hargrove."

Max picked up her bag, walking to the door. "It's Mayfield," she said walking out.

Honey, I'm not doing so well.

El stared at the now empty seat. this can't be easy on her.

It's not your fault.

She looked around the room, catching the eyes of four familiar boys. The five all shared the same look of concern.

I could've done more.

The day went on, Max missing all of her classes. Els worry only increased.

Like being upfront.

She met up with her former friends. "We should've stayed," Dustin sighed. "What happened?!" Will asked sadly. Mike sighed, "we grew up."

"That doesn't mean we throw away our friendship!"

"Well I'm sorry, Will. People just grow apart."

"Not us."

Honest about what I want.

"This isn't important right now! A party member is hurting and we left them alone."

"We have to find her."

"Where could she be?"

"Hawkins is small, we can find her."

"They opened a new skate park. Think she's there?"

"It's our only hope."

But it's not like me.

They all got on their bikes. The five of the six got to the skate park, hoping to find a familiar ginger.

To just say what I feel.

Max was crouched under the bleachers. Her backpack was next to her. The girl was covering her ears with her hands while her knees were pulled up to her chest. She was rocking back and forth.

Though I fell it, it's real.

The gang looked around, calling her name. It reminded the boys of when they were looking for Will. To their luck, it started to rain. They all groaned.

It's been so hard.

Lucas walked to the bleachers. He looked around, sighing in relief when he saw messy, orange hair. He ran faster. Max was slouched against the cold, metal bars. Soft breaths were coming out of her mouth, indicating she was alive. She almost looked peaceful.

Ever since you broke my heart.

The taller boy sighed, picking her up. She was way too heavy for him to hold. "Guys! I found her! Come behind the bleachers!" He shouted over the rain.

But I'll never tell.

The four not-really friends walked over to where he was. "She's

asleep, don't wake her up. She looks-

"Like she hasn't slept in months! Let her rest, we can take her to my house."

Lucas handed her to Mike. He picked up her bag, shoving her board in it. He hopped on his bike, staring to ride to the Wheeler house. Dustin and Will were just as quick.

Honey, I'm not doing so well.

Mike and El walked together slowly. "You think she's okay?"

The tall boy shook his head, "I never should've left."

"We all did, it's not your fault."

"I'm the leader. I'm supposed to protect you guys. I failed."

"Mike you can't blame y-"

"Well I do! You don't know what goes on in that house, El."

Honey, I'm not doing so well.

El and Mike were quiet for the rest of the walk home. When they got there, he set Max on the couch. The five teens watched as she made a face and rolled on her side. They all sat in the chairs Mike had in his basement, doing their own things while also checking on the girl constantly.

Honey, I'm not doing so well.

Max gasped, waking up. She was terrified. She had watched her brother over and over and over again. She felt a pair of arms hugging her, then soft lips kissing her head. She looked up to see El holding her.

"I'm so sorry, Maxie."

Oh, I'll never tell.

She then felt eight more hands hugging her. "We're never leaving

again."

Honey, I'm not doing so well.

She felt safe in their arms.

I'm not doing so well.

Max Mayfield was finally home.

Author's Note:

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